THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2038 *Monday, June* 23, 1828. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE Opera of *Rob Roy Macgregor*, with the Farce of *The Lancers*, and the Melo-drama of *The Dumb Savoyard*, were the performances at this Theatre on Saturday evening. The house was pretty well attended. This Theatre closes on Saturday.

Haymarket Theatre.

ON Saturday evening, the Farce of *The Review*, introduced Mr. Power to the public, for the first time on these boards, as *Looney Mactwolter*; Mr. Power does not possess in too great a degree that retiring modesty which often induces talent to hide its light under a bushel; his style of acting is consequently too well known to require comment. *The Barber of Seville*, and the Comedy of *Spring and Autumn* concluded.—The house was crowded.

King's Theatre.

ON arriving at this Theatre, on Saturday evening, we found bills posted in every part of the house, announcing, that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Madame Pasta, the Opera was unavoidable changed; *La Donna del Lago*, was given entire, with the Ballet of *Hassan et le Calif.* The audience was very numerous, and seemed at first a little inclined to grumble at the new arrangement, but the exquisite notes of Sontag, who was in brilliant voice, soon restored it to good-humour, and called down the most animated applause. The Masquerade, at this Theatre, on Friday last, was the most numerouly attended of the season, but there was little or no novelty of character, nor any great merit evinced in the support of the generality. Mrs. Pry, Mrs. Bang, and her daughter Kitty, were very decidedly the best. This Theatre will doubtless be crowded this evening to witness the first appearance of the far-famed Mademoiselle Mars, who will sustain two of her favorite characters; those of *Hortense*, in *L' Ecole des Viellards*, and *Valerie*, in the beautiful little afterpiece of that name; she will be assisted by M. Armand, the best lover on the stage, and a tolerably efficient *corps dramatique*, so that we may hope to see French Comedy fairly represented. It is a proud triumph to the taste of our Country, for its capital to possess, at the same time, the three first actresses in the world; Pasta, Sontag and Mars.

GRIMALDI.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

The veteran, Grimaldi, takes a long farewell on Friday, the 27th instant, at Drury Lane Theatre. In the reminiscences of our happy boyhood, who stands so forward, and associated with so many cheering recollections, as this once exalted idol of the laughing little; and we, who have laughed long and loudly at his drollery, are suddenly

reminded of our approach into the vale of years by his chilling advertisement for a Farewell Benefit. Farewell! Are we never to see him any more?—never again to hear him sing a duet with a love-sick oyster, or cock canary-bird?—shall we no more hear his chuckling and supplicating, "May I?" to a never-to-be-cheated pieman?—are his practical satires upon the follies of the day to live but in our memories? He tells us a long-endured illness prevents his acting.—What a pity!—How charmingly he would have knocked down a churchwarden, and bathed his temples, for his recovery, with rose-water! How delightfully he would have illustrated intellect in all its marches! How nobly he would have sold his grotesque body to an anatomist; and how actively it would have twirled somersets in the next scene, as if invulnerable to the assaults of death! Many a heart is now cold that once bounded with delight at his whim; many an eye that sparkled with joy at his appearance, is now clouded and dim with cares and anxieties of the world; and many are far away, who would willingly advance to aid the retiring genius of their happy days. But let a mere portion of those, who vividly recollect his excellence, and still rejoice in the retrospect of his heart-stirring humor, come forward to his support, and we are certain that he will deliver his farewell address of thanks to as crowded and lamenting an audience as ever could grace the walls of a Theatre. Poor Joe!—we will be there.—May this be echoed by hundreds.

Vauxhall will be open this evening, with splendid entertainments.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town. Now, may I beg the favor—pardon the liberty—never liked to be troublesome—but would you be so kind, from time to time—just for the information of my friends—as to allow your most useful Periodical to become the channel for announcing to them where I may be met with on the several days of the week. Monday—I will be found seated at the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, anxiously admiring the two new Views, the charming Village of Unterseen, and the Cloisters of St. Wandrille—quite bewitching!—About two I pop in to see Mr. Burford's Marine Panorama of the *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagration is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. On Tuesday, I step into *The Cosmorama*, Regent Street—thirteen new Views—charming illusion, the effect of sunshine and shade astonishing;—wander through Rome, Switzerland, Valley of Lauterbroun, and take a peep at the Grand Sultana, and the Seraglio, at Constantinople. About three I wander through the various departments of that elegant Establishment, the Royal Bazaar Exhibition, 73, Oxford Street, and view The Works of Art, and British Diorama.—Wednesday, I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops; but the *Microscopic* Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. Afterwards I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in the same street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Work shop.—On Thursday—I qualify Mrs. P—'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 4 o'clock at the *Apollonicon*; and on our return, drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* Needle-Work. At breakfast, I enjoy a delicious Cup of Sparrow's genuine Souchong, and at lunch, a glass of his prime Sparkling White Burgundy Champagne, from Ludgate-hill. After dinner, Mrs. Pry amuses me with neighbouring tattle, while we sip charming Port or Sherry, had from the cheap London and Westminster Wine and Spirit Company, Strand—Most evenings I enjoy a Cup of excellent Coffee, and the finest Cigars in London, at the celebrated Cigar Divan, King Street, Covent Garden—but I intrude—beg pardon.

Your's, PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Comedy of

The Poor Gentleman.

Sir Robert Bramble, Mr DOWTON,
Frederick, Mr JONES, Corp. Foss, Mr GATTIE,
Lieutenant Worthington, Mr COOPER,
Stephen Harrowby.....Mr HARLEY,
Ollapod, Mr MATHEWS,
(*Being the Last Night of his Engagement.*)
Sir Charles Cropland.....Mr HOOPER,
Humphrey Dobbins, Mr WEBSTER,
Warner, Mr THOMPSON, Farmer, Mr SHERWIN.
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, Mrs DAVISON,
Dame Harrowby, Mrs FIELD, Emily, Miss E. TREE.

After which, the Farce of

The Turnpike Gate.

Sir Edward Dashaway, Mr YARNOLD,
Smart, Mr HUGHES, Henry Blunt, Mr J. BLAND,
Crack, Mr MATHEWS,
Maythorn, Mr WEBSTER, Bailiff, Mr DARNLEY,
Sailors, Messrs Honnor and T. Brown,
Old Maythorn, Mr Fenton, Steward, Mr E. Vining.
Joe Standfast, Mr GATTIE.
Landlady, Mrs WEBSTER, Mary, Miss GRANT,
Peggy, Mrs ORGER.

To conclude with the Melo-drama of

The Dumb Savoyard,

And his Monkey.

Count Giovanni Maldicini, (*a State Prisoner*) Mr YOUNGE,
Florin, (*his Infant Son*) Miss LANE,
Herr Vatchvell, (*an old Soldier, Keeper of the Prison*) Mr BROWNE,
Piponetto, (*the Dumb Savoyard*) Mrs BARRYMORE,
Marmazette, (*his Monkey*) Master WIELAND,
Leopoldstadt, (*Captain of the Guard*) Mr YARNOLD,
Teresa Vanopa, (*Hostess of the Black Eagle*) Mrs FIELD,
Celestina, Countess Maldicini, Mrs W. WEST.

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XUM

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Comedy of

Sweethearts & Wives

Admiral Franklyn, Mr W. FARREN,
Sandford, Mr WILLIAMSON, Curtis, Mr DOYNE,
Billy Lackaday, Mr J. REEVE,
Charles, Mr VINING, Thomas, Mr C. JONES.
Eugenia, Miss F. H. KELLY,
Mrs Bell, Mrs TAYLEURE, Susan, Mrs T. HILL,
Laura, (first time) Mrs WAYLETT.

After which,

The Beggar's Opera.

Peachum, Mr W. FARREN,
Captain Macheath..... Mr A. LEE,
Lockit, Mr WILLIAMS,
Filch, Mr W. WEST, Ben Budge, Mr C. MORRIS,
Mat o'the Mint, Mr GALLOT,
Twitcher, Mr COATES, Wat Dreary, Mr BISHOP,
Harry Paddington, Mr MOORE.
Polly....(first time).....Miss BARTOLOZZI,
Lucy, Mrs HUMBY,
Mrs Peachum.....Mrs TAYLEURE.

IN ACT III.

A Hornpipe in Fetters, by Mr Hunt.

After which the Farce of

A Daughter to Marry.

Francis Vivid, Esq. Mr VINING,
Mr Dobbs, Mr ROSS, Mr Rumble, Mr WILLIAMS,
Sam, Mr WILKINSON.
MrsDobbs, Mrs TAYLEURE, Mary, (with a Song) Mrs WAYLETT.

To-morrow, The Rivals, &c.